

Daily Appeal.**A MOURNING LOVE SONG.**

With the Moon above me.

Dear, Susan, with her eyes wide open,

Her heart and hand held close at home,

She lay beside me, and I lay beside her,

Our love had been so true,

That it had but slight chance.

Her eyes closed, and she slept so sweetly,

As in a groves household, I may say;

And when I left her, I said to her,

"I'll be back to you before long."

But when I came again, she was dead,

Her heart had given up its beat,

And I could not bring her back again.

Her hands cold, and her eyes now,

And though I made up the bed,

All thoughts made the chamber dead.

The last words he sought to raise her from her do-

greatest sorrow, were "Come in here,

and close the door and say 'Come in here,

and I'll go to the girl'." Her poor name

was still on his lips.

"He's gone, he can't come back."

"What does he say?"

"He says, 'I'm sorry, I didn't know you.'

By the Laws of the State of Tennessee,

AS IT IS,

AS IT WAS,

AS IT IS,

AS IT WAS,